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AROUND THE CITY

It was Saturday of the big snow, with more snow falling down fitfully, as if it were tired and wanted to go back to where it came from—which it did. Also, it was going home time for government clerks—all of them were slipping and sliding along the snow-plowed Avenue, for the indisputable reason that the cars, standing dead in their tracks, stretched like a green snake from the Peace Monument up to where the Treasury lives. There was something in the big snow—child-memories, most likely—that charged the crowd with a jolly philosophy that put the merry sleigh-bell in the second-mourning class, and with its humorlessness went a general kindness that reached out a hand to help any follower of the road who had lost his balance, or to pick up any who chanced to fall.

The one black spot in the situation was the occasional automobile, wobbling along as clumsily as a cow beetle, that plowed snow in the faces of those who trudged, and would have plowed over them, except for the refuge of drifts on the side. It isn't fair, of course, to blame a driver for the mess his chains make, but, as most of the machines showed empty seats, it did seem odd that no passer-by was asked to ride. It might be that added weight would have been harder on the car, but, no matter what reason the chauffeur might give, there was one woman who had a reason of her own. And she voiced it with a fortissimo that reached beyond the owner of the arm she was leaning on to a chuckling group in the rear.

"When a car was a luxury that only the rich could afford the owners were always ready to help out in a case like this, because wealth generally argues refinement. But now that flivvers are as common as tomato cans on a dump and belong to flivverers to match, what can you expect? Do look how the snow has hidden those lions—if you didn't know they were lions you would never guess—real becoming, isn't it? Pity it has to melt off. Say, isn't the Capitol dome lovely? Looks as if Columbia has been treating herself to a wedding cake."

"Didn't even know she had a beard!"

The interruption was chirped out by a girl in fox fur to black silk knees and the cutest little pumps, half revealed by rubber sandals, who jazzed her way with a dexterous ease and a buoyancy of health that would rather have astonished those superior people who preach the doctrine of thick stockings and heavy-soled shoes.

It was a lively crowd, in which small jokes were bandied, and the melody of unstudied laughter was streaked by superno screams as somebody fell and had to be set up again—but through it all there was one trudge who marked an absence noticeable for the first time in the history of this town—the boy with the sled.

He was having his innings, of course, in quiet sections and on coating hills, but the Avenue knew him not. Boys there were in plenty, some serving papers and bundles

where delivery wagons could not go, others on the job as messengers, apprentices and the like, but the old-time schoolboy, with an every-day sled, red mitts and his throat all bound around with a woolen comforter seemed as dead as the reliable mail associate with the late Marley. Even boys are business men, these days.

Can it be that the inefficient play boy of the past has been killed out—and that the Boy Scout has done the deed?

YOU might suppose that the perpetual motion woman who could not sit down a minute without a bit of sewing or knitting to keep her hands going had been evolved out of existence, but—there is one survival, anyhow.

She was in a window seat of a street car, and from the far east to The Star building she crocheted—and crocheted—as unconcernedly as if she were occupying a cozy, the oddity of a lighthouse, instead of a crowded car. The thing she was doing—a long-tailed edge—was of a pattern that called for shells and chains and loop-the-loops, going up and down, and all around, and then go back and do it all over. And as she sat, her head flashed in and out of the thread it obviously provided, pleasant thoughts than those other not-so-long-ago needles that knit helmets, or the farther back ones that belonged to Mme. Defarge.

A passenger in the seat directly behind was so conjoined by the shine and motion of the needle that at last she leaned over and commented on the worker's industry and skill. The compliment was accepted with the smiling satisfaction that most of us—all of us—feel when we have honestly done something to merit it—and then the talk took a business turn.

Yes, she often sold things to passengers who saw her work on the cars—and, by way of proving it, opened the drawstrings of a bag and turned out lace doilies, centerpieces, scarfs and edgings, her needles going nearly every second of the time. The customer bought three yards of the long-tailed edge, and that's about all, except that—

It pays to advertise.

ONE woman was telling another about a birthday gift she had just given her husband, and how she had saved for weeks from her house money to get it. The other woman was shocked.

Why, Nellie, how could you! I wouldn't dream of giving my husband a present out of his own money! I earned every cent for his Christmas gift, made kimono and dressing gowns for some friends."

And a man, who was near enough to overhear, said to his companion: "If I had a wife like that, I'd frame her."

I wouldn't want her at any price. She's too good to be true. My girl cheats me out of every cent she can lay her hands on. I'm used to it. It's one of the rules of the ring. Wouldn't want her to be different."

Which seems to show the variety of opinions—undoubtedly a wise dispensation of nature, since life would be somewhat monotonous if all of us were made in the same mold—like candies.

A PENCILLED note, undated, nameless and cryptic of subject, was picked from a floor of the Library of Congress the other day. And as findings is keepings, here's to remind you how times have changed since the words meant anything:

All along by the west side of Delaware river—as far as a man can ride in two days with a horse, for and in consideration of these following goods as us in hand and secured—20 guns—40 tomahawks—100 knives—40 pairs of stockings—1 barrel of beer—40 glass bottles—100 pewter spoons—30 combs—40 looking glasses—30 pounds of sugar—5 gallons of molasses—100 strings of beads and 40 . . .

Deed giving Pennsylvania to William Penn.

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